

Get Away

Yelawolf

Hell of a day to load a 22 and take it to the woods
And let it ring into the night and break a bottle with a bullet
Yes I'm 'bout it mutherfucker
Not a single solitary thing is missing from my southern roots
I'm liable just to take a Chevrolet
And run it through the mud for giggles (huh)
What a son of a bitch my mama raised into a rapper
Who could tell a story like my uncle when he's drinking
Product of a working environment
Fuck is y'all thinking?
Meaning, I'm working, working harder than any artist could ever do,
It's simply cause I'm made that way
I'll build a house around your ass before you could realize
You're in a neighborhood that Yelawolf made
So call me a redneck and tell your boys about it
Tell 'em I'm an Alabama wannabe, I'll be that!
I'll just take it to the studio and drop a bomb on you
From a muthafuckin beanbag, I need that!

Get away, tell my folks roll up the J's
Bring Yelawolf a deuce, we'll sit up on the roof or the broken Chevrolet
Talk til there's nothing left to say
Cause if I don't get away, you gonna see my trailer park ghetto ways
Then you gon' have to get away from me
Drink some, smoke some
You gone have to get away from me, load up the gun, load up the gun
Then you'll have to get away from me
Drink some, smoke some
Cause if I don't get away, you gonna see my trailer park ghetto ways
Then you gone have to get away from me

Man, I done been through it all
I done been up and know what it is to fall
Punk police feeling all on my balls
Without a probable cause, cause a nigga sittin' tall
"Dawg, you gotta do something Fatt.
On the road with Wolf, why did you come back?"
Cause them up there, don't wanna play fair
Got me pinned to the wall, like a fucking thumb tack. "Dumb fat!"
Dumb hell, criticize a nigga for the crack I sell
Like you could give a shit if a nigga eat well or eat at all, wanna see me f
all
Let 'em see that? Naw dawg, them lies.
Long as I got Catfish on my side,
Bitch I'm headed up, up, up to the sky
Roll up, let's get high, wave at 'em bye I need that!

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20 plus 20 still spittin' em out
Still piss on your porch and still shit in your house
Then put my dick in your mouth, take it back out, put it back in
Fuck on the floor, skeet on the couch
Which one of you ugly muthafuckers think you thug enough or rugg enough
Or gutter enough, fast enough to keep up wit' me
The most retarded motherfucker in the whole wide world
Ain't stupid or dumb enough to fuck with me
If you in say you in, and if you is handle your mutherfuckin' business
Knuckle up, buckle up, hustle up, huddle up. What we gonna do? Win!
Not a nan' 'nother nigga outta there can compare
To what I do to these boys on these bars and these scales
In these clubs in these bars on these tables and chairs
I need that!

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